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Bridgewater State Normal School

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NORMAL OFFERING.

A SCHOOL MONTHLY

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Edited and Published monthly during the School Year, by the Lyceum of the
Bridgewater State Normal School.

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Normal Offering.

Vol. XII.

State Normal School, Bridgewater, Mass., December, 1892.

No. 4.

The Normal Offering.

Published monthly during the School Year, by the Lyceum of the
Bridgewater State Normal School

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Copies sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price by the Business Manager.

The OFFERING is strictly a school paper, and all members of the school are requested to contribute.

Ex-members and graduates of the school are requested to keep us informed of their whereabouts, and of any other items of interest.

Articles for publication should be sent in before the 5th of the month.

Address communications to "THE NORMAL OFFERING" Normal Hall, Bridgewater, Mass.

The Editors reserve the privilege of rejecting any articles which are not deemed satisfactory.

HENRY T. PRATT, Printer, Bridgewater, Mass.

THE OFFERING wishes for all its readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May you feel so much of the generous Christmas spirit, that all who are in arrears to the OFFERING will at once obtain from our Business Manager receipts in place of bills, and those who are not now subscribers will at once seek out that same personage and become so. Thus will you make his Christmas merry.

WHILE the attitude of the school toward the OFFERING has this term been in many respects very encouraging and, we firmly believe, much better than has usually been the case, still

we feel that, as hinted above, the financial support is not what it should be. A few of those "stubborn things"—facts—obtained from the Business Manager will show the ground for our belief. Of the number attending school here, only about thirty-three per cent have the OFFERING either regularly or in single copies. This is hardly over twenty per cent of our circulation. While we realize that our school paper may be of some value to graduates in keeping them in touch with the school work, still it seems as if this, as a school paper, ought to rely principally on the school for its support.

Why can we not expect sixty-six or seventy-five per cent of our students to subscribe? You should not be content to read another's copy if you are able to have one yourself. Will it not sometime be a pleasure to re-read the school paper published while you were in old Normal? Then again, if threefourths of the pupils could be induced to subscribe and four fourths were ready to contribute, without being personally requested to do so, we could furnish a larger and more efficient paper at the same price. "In union there is strength."

Is it not worth your while to subscribe?

THE football season has closed and it is safe to say that the game is more popular in this school than ever before. Last year, for the first time in its history, the school had a football team, one which did excellent work and encouraged us in the athletic line. Last June, however, several of the strongest players graduated, and it seemed doubtful whether another team could be formed to compare with the first. Yet our team this fall has been even stronger than that of a year ago. Although the last game was a somewhat humiliating defeat, still it was the only defeat suffered during the season, in fact, the only score made by any opponent. The total score for the entire number of games is 70 to 4 in our favor, a record of which Captain Fitzpatrick should be proud. The eleven

has recently been photographed and the pictures are now on sale.

With a baseball team last spring which lost but one match game, and a football team this fall with the same record, athletics should be resumed next spring with enthusiasm and assurance.

THE INDUSTRIES OF BRIDGEWATER.

Concluded.

THE feeling that crept over us as we first entered the Bridgewater Iron Works is indescribable. Those large buildings fast decaying, those massive machines rusty through long disuse,—all are emblems of past power. Yet a few workmen are retained, and considerable business is still done.

Let us begin our observations in the first building, the pattern room. Here one man works alone from day to day where several were formerly employed. A working drawing of some desired machinery is sent to the office. It is given to this man, and from it he makes a complete wooden model or pattern. The pattern is then sent to the foundry. Here an exact impression of it is made in sand in two parts, the upper and lower halves. These are baked in an oven until they are sufficiently hard to enable them to be handled without breaking.

While we leave, for a time, these forms baking in the oven, I will state briefly the ingredients of the sand used for this purpose. It consists of fine sand from Delaware, coarse sand from Rhode Island, clay, rye meal, and beer. I do not yet understand the philosophical reason for the last named, but suppose it must possess some latent virtue.

After the forms are baked, the halves are fitted together with more sand, a hole being left through which the molten iron is poured. After this has been cooled, the sand is broken off, and the iron form is ready for the machine shop which is close by.

Another department of the work is the making of the yellow metal nails used by ship builders. For these the copper is brought directly from the mines as copper ore. It is first melted in furnaces together with substances which separate the ox-

ides from the pure copper. The oxides form what is called the "slag" which is thrown away. The pure copper is then put into another furnace, this time with zinc. These two metals combined form the yellow metal. The cakes of this are again heated, and pressed between rollers until they become thin sheets. These are in turn cut into strips and made into nails by a process similar to that described for making tacks in the last paper.

There is yet another line of work to be observed,—that of changing the common pig iron to the iron of commerce. For this there are three pairs of rollers with a constant stream of water flowing over each. A man takes a cake of iron from the furnace on a long iron bar. A second man takes it in a pair of tongs and slides it down an inclined plane between the first set of rollers. Another stands on the opposite side to send it back through the second pair, and it is again returned through the third still glowing in a red heat. The last man holds a gauge with which he tests the thickness. One can not but wonder at the accuracy with which the men catch in their tongs the red hot iron as it comes from the rollers. One of the prettiest sights I have ever seen is the inside of a glowing furnace lined with these red-hot cakes of iron.

The shoe shop on Plymouth Street is a flourishing industry. The raw leather which has been prepared in a tannery is used. The soles and heels are cut out in the basement. Some especially attracted our attention on account of their size and broad toes. We were told that they were the soles of the "flats," a kind of shoe worn by the negroes of Louisville, Ky.

Each piece used in making the upper is cut separately in the cutting room, from which they are taken to the sewing room. Young women are employed here. It is curious to watch the process as each piece is stitched until the whole upper is complete. The back seam is the last sewed, after which the upper is turned and pressed. It is now ready for the sole. An inner sole is placed upon a last, the upper drawn on, and a sufficient number of tacks driven to hold it in place. The rest is done by machinery.

There are several machines for doing this work, but the most complicated is the one called the "Nigger machine," on account of its being in-

vented by a colored person. In using it, a man holds the shoe in his hand. An iron mouth snatches the leather, stretches it, and immediately a tack which has come from above through an inclined tube is struck, driving it into the shoe. This is continued until the whole upper has been tacked on. The outer sole is next fastened by a different machine. Still another is used for tacking the lower layers of the heel, the upper layer being glued. The uneven edges of the heel and sole are then cut off, and the whole sandpapered. This sandpaper which covers a rotating cylinder must be renewed nearly every hour. After they are perfectly smooth, the arc is drawn on the sole, the edges of the heel and sole blackened and polished, the bottom painted, and the shoe dressed.

In reviewing the work it is surprising to think how many operations must be performed, yet how necessary each is for the completion of the whole.

One of our most interesting trips was that to the paper mill. This has been closed for some time until now. The paper made at present is the common brown wrapping paper. Pieces of worn-out rope are bought, especially the large sail ropes. These are cut into short pieces which are packed with slacked lime in a large, rotary boiler. The size of the boiler can be imagined from the fact that it contains sixty hundred pounds of rope when packed solidly. This boiler rotates slowly and the contents are kept boiling by steam which is constantly passing through it. It is boiled thus from twelve to sixteen hours according to the quality of the paper to be made.

The pulp is then removed from this, mixed with water, and made to pass round and round in an endless trough. There are two knives rotating within this trough; thus as the pulp passes on it is being continually cut into smaller and smaller pieces. It is here mixed with a white paper resembling cardboard, to lighten the color.

When the pulp is of the right consistency, it is conducted to a large vat from which it is pumped into another and smaller tank, the amount that is pumped in a certain time varying according to the desired quality of the paper. It is made very dilute with water in this last tank. A hollow cylinder covered with wire screening revolves in this, and by pressure the water is pushed through the screen and passes out at the end, the fibers

remaining on the wire. As the cylinder revolves, the layer of fibers is drawn over another cylinder covered with felt. From this it is conducted through successive pairs of rollers, each time becoming drier and more compressed. Steam also aids in this process. As it emerges from the last set of rollers, it is cut into the sheets commonly used in stores.

There are two box factories in town. At one of these we watched the operations in making the rough board into the complete box. There are two parts of the work which are, perhaps, unfamiliar to some. One is that done by the self-nailing machine, by which all the nails in one side of a box are driven simultaneously. This greatly lessens the time required for making a box. The method by which the picture or inscription is stamped upon the front is also interesting.

Among the other industries which we visited are the two brickyards, and electric light and pumping stations, but space will not permit me to dwell upon the details of these.

In closing, let me say that any one of the industries so briefly described would have been sufficient for an entire article in itself, but the object of the writer has been simply to bring out principal features and to give the readers a general idea of each.

L. E. MERRITT.

MY FIRST DAY IN A DISTRICT SCHOOL.

By Rev. Albert E. Winship, Editor of the Journal of Education.

I WAS still in my teens when I entered the little wayside schoolhouse, "away down East." I had graduated from the Bridgewater (Mass.) State Normal School, and had been five months in the army when, with only a single day at home, I started for the unromantic little neighborhood in Maine known as G—, where I was hailed as "the new schoolmaster." I was appointed at \$20. a month, to pay my own board out of this amount.

I was on the ground Saturday night, and was well looked over on Sunday by boys and girls, men and women. I was being "sized up," in the language of the day; but on the principle that "those who know nothing fear nothing" I was unusually unconcerned. I had been well taught how to teach, and proposed to do it by rule.

Very early Monday morning I was up and sleigh-riding two miles to see the chairman of the town committee to be examined. It was not the custom to do this in advance. The town committee preferred to have one teach a few days first, and then if he was not a success it was an easy way of disposing of the new schoolmaster for the town committee to refuse a certificate. I had been taught, however, never to begin school without a certificate in my pocket. The district committee was quite annoyed that I insisted upon this document in advance. He regarded it as putting on airs, and styled it one of the Normal notions. But I did dread the examination. I realized even then the difference between saying what you please as you please whenever you have anything to say, and being obliged to say what another man asks you to say as he wishes you to say it when he requires it to be said. I did not then know as I now do that the ability to pass a good examination is proof of inability to do better things in better ways.

With no such unconcern as appeared upon the surface, I entered, single-handed and alone, the presence of the august chairman of the town committee, who greeted me cordially and asked, "Are you a nephew of Deacon W—?" to which I proudly responded in the affirmative, and he proceeded to certify that "having passed a satisfactory examination in regard to intellectual attainments and moral qualifications," I was duly approbated to teach school in the town of G—. As much amused as relieved I rode back, and walked through a group of boys and girls of all ages into the wee bit of a schoolhouse under the hill. There was one lone abecedarian and a few straggling pupils in the lower "grades," but the great majority of the youths and maidens pretended to be in the higher classes.

All my theories of gradation were at once violated, but I had the good sense to relegate to their proper place theories that did not apply, and began at once to interest, discipline, and inspire the young people to try to fill the places they had assumed to occupy. I had no special nervousness or anxiety about the first day. I knew I could "bank" for a few days at least upon the reputation of my uncle, and my chief concern was to sustain myself.

I began by beginning. In half an hour I felt as if I had been there for months, and the only remark of the day that has had an abiding place in memory was that of a lad who said at recess, "Seem's though you'd always been here,"—a compliment more appreciated than better phrased praise of later years.

I recall distinctly how conscience-stricken I was that first night to think that nothing had been done according to the note-book methods with which I was well equipped, and with a sigh of relief wrote a schoolmate at night, "Have enjoyed the day immensely, but thank goodness Mr. B— will never drop in upon me here." It was not a "normal day"; yet, but for the training and inspiration of Bridgewater, the day would never have had the characteristics which make it memorable with me. It did not then appear as it does now that the power pre-eminent of a first-class professional school is not in its training, in its methods or devices, but in the inspiration to establish personal professional ideals which adapt themselves to times and seasons, making one content with results and with results alone.

In April last, dining with the president of one of the leading banks of San Francisco in his beautiful home,—an inseparable companion in that first winter's teaching,—he said in reference to a recent address of mine upon "Modern Educational Methods," "How much better school would you teach to-day than we taught in 18—?"

That is a question. Methods would be infinitely better, but the spirit, the adaptability, the professional zeal, could probably never be again what they were when I was within a year of the tonic of a normal school in which there was no variableness or shadow of turning from the loftiest professional ideals. We were undoubtedly conceited, but it was the conceit of a purpose and not of attainments.

The Golden Rule.

Let us all resolve,—First, to attain the grace of *silence*; Second, to deem all *fault-finding* that does no good a *sin*, and to resolve, when we are happy ourselves, not to poison the atmosphere of our neighbors by calling on them to remark every painful and disagreeable feature of their daily life; Third, to practice the grace and virtue of *praise*.

Harriet B. Stowe.

THE NORMAL SPOOK SPEAKETH.

NOT long ago an inhabitant of these classic halls visited room No. 12, in the school building, about the seventh hour. He was there confronted by the skeleton who watches the various representatives of the animal kingdom that surround him and the perturbed spirit spoke in accents deep as follows. The fright of his auditor may plead as an excuse for the crude report of his monologue.

"I am the 'Normal Spirit,'
Doomed for succeeding terms to serve as an illustration,
And for the night confined in a glass case,
Till my unhappy fate be known
To future generations. But that I am forbid
To ask leading questions, or tell what is already known,
I could a teaching exercise unfold,
Which, from beginning to end,
Would shine forth with topics, provoke thy admiration,
And cause thee to exclaim, enraptured,
'Excellent, most excellent.'
But this I would enjoin on Normalites,
Whose work should be well done,—List, list, O, list!
If thou didst ever to teaching aspire,
Make drawings of my bones.
Drawings most clear, as always they should be;
But these most clear, truthful, and accurate.

I find thee apt;

And duller shouldst thou be
Than the fresh water clams thou findest at Carver's,
Wouldst thou not do thy work. Now give attention:
'Tis given out among you here in school,
That I was a French Convict. So that
The whole ear of the Normal School,
Is, by a base rumor, an unfounded story,
Rankly abused. But know thou, studious youth,
I was a football umpire,
And the cause of my unhappy end was a wrong decision.
O student, what a falling off was there!
From me, a rational being with right activity,
To a grinning skeleton watched by curious eyes,
And wheeled about the room.
But soft! methinks I hear the bell
Which times the silent study hour.
Fare thee well at once!
The clock hands show my time to be far gone.
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me."

H. D. C.

Tone, act, attitude, and look,—the signals upon the countenance,—the electric telegraph of touch; all these betray the yielding citadel before the word itself is uttered, which like the key surrendered opens every avenue and gate of entrance and makes retreat impossible. *Longfellow.*

THE FIRST SNOWSTORM.

DID you say it was stormy yesterday? Did you say it was cold and blustering? Why, bless you, Nature was in one of her warmest, jolliest moods.

Let me tell you what I saw. My way lay through what was the day before a bare, ugly swamp, filled with distorted, ill-natured bushes, that thrust out their bare, rough claws to stay my passage.

Yesterday I found the place transformed into a fairyland. Lavish Nature had covered the dead, unsightly relics of Summer's beauty with a sparkling raiment that glittered with wonderful jewels, so that I had to brush the fairy dress off some of the dead weeds to assure myself that some new, marvelous kind of vegetation had not sprung up during the night.

The ugly bushes were all gone, and the place was filled with shapes of beauty that challenged my admiration, while their beautiful arms stopped me only to disclose some new wonder.

Old Boreas was very playful, and seemed to rejoice in his strength as he sent blast after blast swelling through the trees, which were no longer bare, lifeless things, but filled with conscious pride in their newly acquired beauty.

Troops of little white fairies chased each other through the woods, sometimes dancing over the white carpet that covered the ground, or playing at hide and seek among the trees; sometimes alighting in crowds on the slender stem of some fern to see it break down under such a load of jollity; then joining with others in a mad, reckless race, filling the place with their shrill, happy voices, and stripping the complaining branches of their transient splendors.

The little stream that makes its way through this enchanted land seemed full of moods. In one place it glided along with a smooth, quiet motion, spellbound by so much loveliness; then it would chatter and frolic and laugh over the pebbles in its glee, or murmur and gurggle with a dreamy sound under some overhanging bank or fallen tree-trunk; then suddenly it would splash and spatter and rush in a wild gallop over the rocks, singing its glad, full-voiced chorus.

What was I doing in such a place? Botanizing. Didn't know plants grew in such cold weather?

Along the banks of this delightful little stream the most beautiful and delicate little plants grow and fruit in the snow, or cover the edge of the bank where the snow does not lodge with an embroidery suitable for such a fairy-land.

Nor did they want inhabitants. A close search revealed a multitude of little creatures of most grotesque shapes, fit dwellers in such a place, apparently happy in the enjoyment of Nature's bounties. One little fellow in particular attracted my attention with his little round, hairy body, and

QUOTATIONS.

Many people know many things; no one, everything. *Edward Coke.*

Tell me what gladdens or grieves a man and I will tell you what sort of a man he is. *Arnot.*

Small kindnesses, small courtesies, small considerations, habitually practiced in our social intercourse, give a greater charm to the character than the display of great talents or accomplishments. *M. A. Kelly.*



A SELECTION FOR THE ORCHESTRA.

big, polished, red claws that he kept reaching out in all directions.

Yes, Nature was charming yesterday, and as I wandered all alone in this strange, beautiful place, I seemed to get close to her great, loving heart, and was happy in the revelation she gave me.

Do you wonder that I was surprised when you said it was cold and stormy?

Let those subscribe who never did before,
And those who are subscribers get us more.

Ex.

Thy friend hath a friend, and that friend hath a friend; wherefore be discreet. *Proverb from Arabic.*

Tact is a gift; it is likewise a grace. As a gift it may or may not have fallen to our share; as a grace we are bound either to possess or to acquire it. *Christina Rossetti.*

Learn to read the book of Nature for yourself. Those who have succeeded best have followed for years some slim thread which has once in a while broadened out and disclosed some treasures worth a life-long search. *Agassiz.*

THE AIM OF OUR SCHOOL LIFE.

AS this life is a preparation for a higher one, so our school life is a life of preparation for broader fields of influence.

If our work is to be the training of lives which shall each make its impress whether for good or evil, our own lives must be pure and noble, our standards must be high, and there should be the aim to have developed in ourselves, that which will be an incentive to those whom we teach.

All that many pupils gain of Truth is acquired in the public schools. Some of these come from homes in which they are surrounded by all that is bad, and for a few short years attend school, and then they are left to drift in the world with no true principles and standards to guide them. Probably this lowest class is not found in all schools, but more frequently in the city, yet there are some, doubtless, in every school who do not have the home training that will help them to become true men or women.

In such as these there must be cultivated a power to distinguish between right and wrong, and impulses toward the right must be given.

There are pupils of other classes with varied abilities in different stages of development. Some of these may need help in one way, and others in other ways. There are impulsive ones who must be taught self-control. Habits of thought and attention must be cultivated. Dull ones, who may be such a trial to one's patience, must not be overlooked or dropped, but must receive their share of training. Indifference and lack of application will have to be overcome in some. And among them all, one may need encouragement here, and another must be checked there, but each must be held to work up to the full measure of his ability. And so it is a work with individual characters, each having different needs.

All these different lives are entrusted to a teacher; and faithful, earnest ones are needed to fulfil such a trust. "It is not so much what we teach as what we are" and what the teacher is, determines the atmosphere of the schoolroom.

A busy New York physician, who is one of the older graduates of this school, said, not long ago, that all through life he had felt Mr. Conant's influence, and even now he could feel the friendly

pressure of that hand on his shoulder, which strengthened all the manliness in him, and could now realize the influence of those impressive talks which he gave his pupils.

Some of the speakers told at the Springfield Convention how well they remembered their teachers, although the knowledge of what was taught had passed from their minds. The teacher's personality had made its impression on their lives, and it is a permanent one.

Mr. Winship in his Round Table last Spring claimed teaching as a profession and honor for its reward. In profession there is the idea of training, especial preparation. Teaching is one of the noblest professions, and this is our time of training and our season of preparation; now we have many opportunities, whose value we cannot estimate, because we do not realize the importance of things as we shall when we are experiencing the realities.

In view of all this, should not our preparation be thorough? Shall we not aim to do our best with the talents given us, that they may be increased? Let each day's work be done from this broader standpoint of these relations.

Let us strive to be true and noble, worthy to guide others, and able to impart to them high aims and good motives in life. MARION N. DARLING.

EIGHT WEEKS IN THE
"CITY OF OAKS."

"THE capital of North Carolina is 'Raleigh on the Neuse,' but 'taint on the Neuse; it's six miles away and I'm going a-fishing there next Saturday." This portion of the Geography recitation of a public school pupil of Raleigh, whether history or fiction, gives the New England student a better idea of the true location of Raleigh than most of the Geographies do. Future growth may extend the limits of the city to the banks of the Neuse, but at present Raleigh is on the Neuse only in the same sense that a Normal school student is a teacher—i. e. prospectively.

The "City of Oaks" is not known for its size,—for the population is only about fifteen thousand,—but as the capital of a state. Not magnitude, but position. Not quantity, but quality.

It is laid out in the checker-board fashion, with four main streets ninety-nine feet wide radiating

from Capitol Square. The Capitol is a large, beautiful structure, built of a very fine and durable micaceous gneiss which is quarried in the vicinity. The grounds surrounding the Capitol are spacious and well shaded. The streets of the city are well lined with trees, and the public squares are ornamented with Magnolias here and there as well as with a great variety of other trees peculiar to the South.

The soil is very clayey, and, contrary to what might be expected, makes *thick* mud when it rains,—not thick in consistency, but in vertical dimension. The umbrella is not carried so much to keep the rain off as to be on hand, in case of an emergency, as a mud parachute.

Raleigh is the only city of any considerable size in this portion of the state and is, therefore, the center for the cotton trade of a large surrounding area. Many teams from all directions come in every morning bringing produce from the country—vegetables, fruit, poultry, wood, but more especially at this time of the year, cotton. Hundreds of bales of cotton are thus brought to the city every week to be compressed and then sent to the manufacturing towns of the North.

Some of those cottoniferous (?) teams referred to above are of such a character, that, to be appreciated, they must be *seen*. I may, however, be permitted to attempt a *description* of some of them in a future article.

But the differences which we notice as to climate, soil formations, plants, birds, the customs of the people, their characteristics, sentiments, and language are far more interesting to the New Englander than any merely urban features.

Although many persons from the North are disappointed at finding some cold weather in the "Sunny South," yet the climate is as much different from that of New England as could be expected from a difference of only six degrees of latitude. On Thanksgiving day the weather was colder than in Massachusetts, (according to the map from the Weather Bureau) yet it is very seldom that snow falls in the eastern part of the state, or that ice forms more than three fourths of an inch thick. The hardware dealers here do not make much money on skates. But, because the winters are milder, one must not suppose that the summers are hotter than those in the North, for

Massachusetts has far more sunstrokes than North Carolina.

At this season of the year, the days are very mild, while the nights are usually more than correspondingly cold. Today, for example, is like a day of New England Indian summer.

The trees of this section shed their leaves about three weeks ago, being nearly six weeks later than those of Bridgewater. The grass is still green in some spots. Very few plants need to be housed during the winter. Fall crocuses could be seen as late as the twelfth of October, and plenty of roses are still in bloom out of doors. We had a genuine thunder-shower on the night of November 14th. Barefooted children are running the streets to-day.

Such are some of the features of the land that lies

Six degrees nearer th' Equator,

And seven degrees toward the West.

Shaw University.

M. C. LEONARD.

Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 3, 1892.

AN IMPORTANT BOOK.

LAST month there was an article in these pages on "The Place a Book ought to hold in One's Estimation," wherein the value of good taste in Literature was clearly shown and also the necessity of a proper estimation of books in general.

It seems to me that there is one much neglected volume whose contents may give its possessor great pleasure. It is the "Extract Book."

Our class was, to say the least, appalled when the teacher of Rhetoric requested us in our reading to keep a book in which to jot down stray bits appealing to each one's *ego*. I have not consulted the other members but I am sure that my little waif and stray asylum has amply repaid me for what slight trouble I took with it. Its only fault is that it occasionally proves so fascinating that it is difficult to lay it aside.

People often say, when reproved for not reading more, "I have no time, only a few minutes now and then." It is those few minutes which can be spent in running over short selections and making a part of one's memory what they contain. It is essentially not how much we read but how well we assimilate what we do read.

The gayest of us have "the blues:" the saddest must be glad at times: everyone wants something outside himself to share his joy or sorrow. Friends grow cold and "chums" cease to sympathize: but chosen, loved selections never fail to respond to calls upon their boundless thought and originality.

I am willing to share some of my favorites—though they may not prove of interest to others.

This thought, probably cloaked in less melodious language, has occurred to all of us:—

"All we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of good shall exist;

Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power,
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist

When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard,
Enough that He heard it once; we shall hear it bye and bye."

Browning.

Has not this some beauty of thought or expression?

"And yet as the light grew more ærial on the mountain tops and the shadows fell longer over the valley, some faint tone of sadness may have breathed through the heart: and in whispers more or less audible, reminded everyone that as this bright day was drawing towards its close, so likewise must the day of man's existence decline into dust and darkness; and with all its sick toilings, and joyful and mournful noises, sink into still Eternity."

Carlyle.

Or this?

"From this fair home behold on either side
The restful mountains or the restless sea:
So the warm, sheltering walls of life divide
Time and its tides from still Eternity.

Look on the waves: their stormy voices teach
That not on earth may toil or trouble cease.

Look on the mountains: better far than speech
Their silent promise of eternal peace."

Holmes.

Has this no inspiration?

"O friend, never strike sail to a fear! Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas."

Emerson.

And so I say that everyone ought to have a note-book in which he may put extracts that please him. He will find them of great use in after-time, but let their collection be for something more than the profit he may get from them, for:—

"Mark there: we get no good

By being ungenerous, even to a book,

And calculating profits,—so much help

By so much reading. It is rather when

We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge

Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,

Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth,—

'Tis then we get the right good from a book."

E. B. Browning.

H.

FOOTBALL.

THE first of a series of athletic games between the Normal teams and the Alumni was played on the home grounds Nov. 12.

Several of last year's players were to play and the game was looked forward to as the best of the season. The Alumni were unorganized which necessitated the practice of tricks and signals under the practiced eyes of the home team.

Immediately after dinner both teams had their pictures taken by Mr. Tucker of the Sub-senior class. The game was called at three o'clock, Normals having the ball. Both teams lined up promptly and the game was started with the divided wedge and as usual a good gain was made. By a series of gains around the ends and through the tackles the ball was carried into the Alumni territory and Fitzpatrick was pushed over for a touchdown. Southworth kicked a goal. Score, 6 to 0. This gave the ball to Alumni in the middle of the field but was soon lost on a fumble to the home team and another down scored by Southworth. Score, 12 to 0. The home team went over the line for two more touchdowns, but by some misunderstanding did not claim them. Final score, 12 to 0. Soule, Wilson, Carroll, Southworth, and Thompson played their usual excellent game for the home team, Eldridge and MacAndrews for the Alumni.

THE last game of the season was played Nov. 19 with Tabor Academy of Marion on their grounds. It was the second game between the teams and T. A. regained her laurels by outplaying us at every point and winning, 4 to 0.

The ball changed hands every few minutes until in the second half, by good blocking and running of the backs, Swain went over the line for a touchdown. The playing of Allen, Mr. Freeman, Grennell, and Swain were the features of the game.

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LYCEUM.

THE Lyceum of November 11th was an especially entertaining one. The programme was entirely musical and literary, the usual debate being omitted. The Nordica Quartette of Abington, which furnished the greater part of the entertainment, was highly appreciated as shown by the hearty applause.

The programme was as follows :—

Selection,	Normal Orchestra.
Selection,	Nordica Quartette.
Piano Solo,	Miss Goddard.
Reading,	Miss Jillson.
Song,	Miss Conant.
Piano Duet,	Misses Goddard and Moulton.
Selection,	Nordica Quartette.
Piano Trio,	Misses Goddard, Moulton and Nash.
Reading,	Miss Jillson.
Selection,	Nordica Quartette.
Selection,	Normal Orchestra.

EXCHANGES.

True education consists less in thought than thinking; less in knowledge than in knowing; less in memorizing than reasoning, and much less in quantity than in quality. *Gem.*

The call for a scientific department by the Westfield High School is justifiable in that every school should be furnished with such, even if we sacrifice other needful things. No high school is complete without the department.

No teacher but a coward will ever use sarcasm toward a student, for thus he deals a blow on one who is unable to strike back. *Owl.*

In the December number of the *Cadet* there are several interesting and instructive articles for young men.

We welcome the *Premier* to our table once more and will look forward to its arrival hereafter.

What you keep by you, you may change and mend but words once spoken can never be recalled. *Ex.*

If the different schools having a debating society would publish good instructive questions for debate it would greatly help some who have exhausted their supply.

The boys of today are the nation's councillors of the future. Let us not forget that the advance of the nation, in patriotism, truth, honor, and all good, is paralleled by that of the individual. He or she that is successful today in training the youth of our land in the right and proper way, may not be appreciated but it is nevertheless conferring on the nation a priceless service. As the twig is bent the tree inclines. *Enterprise.*

We notice in the *Academe* that the Rhetoric teacher offers to furnish compositions of scholars for the paper, which we think is a very good plan and should be adopted by other schools.

PERSONALS.

—'90. Miss Sheba Berry is teaching in Chelsea.

—'91. Miss Lizzie Spencer is teaching in Winchester, Mass.

—'92. Miss Anna Welsh has accepted a position in Rowley, Mass.

—'92. Mr. Herbert Packard has the Grammar school in East Walpole.

—'88. Miss Maude Thompson is teaching in the Wollaston Grammar School.

—'90. Miss Eva Hall has the seventh grade in the Willard school in Quincy, Mass.

—Mr. and Mrs. Murdock are to be congratulated on the birth of their daughter Dorothy, Nov. 27, 1892.

—Several of the members of the Junior class have organized a Reading-Club and at present are reading Scott.

—Mr. Lenington who has been observing since last September has gone to Brazil where he is to be principal of one of the High schools.

—'92. Miss Mattie Healy has changed her position and is now teaching in the fourth grade of the Adams Street school in No. Abington, Mass.

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—'92. Mr. George Fallon is teaching in the Grammar school on Main Street in Bridgewater.

—Miss Maude Nelson of the entering class has left school and is now teaching in Charlton, Mass.

—Among the visitors of the month the following graduates were noticed: Misses Bertha Howard, Abbie Allen, Flora Newhall, Abbie Weston, Mary Warner and Messrs. Herbert Packard, Howard Leonard, George Eldridge, Robert Fuller, Kenelm Winslow.

LOCALS.

—A new definition of grammar.—Grammar is the knowledge which has for its object the constitution of propositions.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes calls a kiss a lisping consonant. He should have added, also, that it generally follows a-vowel.

—The result of teaching physiology entirely by charts and diagrams.

Teacher: "In what part of the body is the liver?"

Pupil: "South of the lungs."

—An actual occurrence.

Teacher: "What are naval stores?"

Pupil: "Places where they keep animation."

—School-teacher: "Now, Bobby, spell needle."

Bobby: "N-e-i-d-l-e, needle."

Teacher: "Wrong. There's no 'i' in 'needle'."

Bobby: "Well, 'tain't a good needle, then."

—At an examination in a certain primary school the scholars were asked to name five bipeds. An answer, written by a six-year-old, read as follows: "A man, a woman, a child, a baby, and a rooster."

—"I think," said the editor, in a worried tone, "that I will drop journalism, and take to astronomy." "Why?" "Well, astronomers always seem to have more space than they know what to do with."

—"Electricity was first transported from place to place in portable form in 1881," says an ignorant editor of an electric journal, who apparently never stroked a cat's fur the wrong way in his uneventful life.

We notice in our exchanges a cry for gymnasiums and hope to hear of their obtaining them in the near future.

—The little ones in the model school are encouraged to bring in botanical specimens with the name of each on a slip of paper. The other day one little boy presented the teacher with one labeled, "Pussy-willow, hatched this fall."

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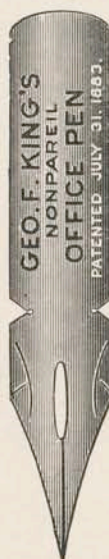
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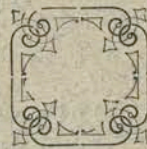
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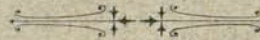


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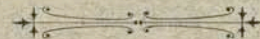
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TESTIMONIAL.

My Dear Dr. Orcutt:

Your letter of 17th Sept. is received. You are correct in supposing that I wished you to act for me and in my interests, as if you were the head of the school. The time was so short that I could not well do otherwise; and allow me to add that I did so with entire confidence in the excellence of your judgment. Your experience has been such that I felt perfectly safe in putting the responsibility on you. I believe that there are other excellent teachers' bureaus, but I did not feel like putting a matter of so much importance to me wholly in the hands of ANY OTHER. If I had insisted on seeing the candidate or corresponding with him, I might have lost the opportunity to engage the gentleman whom you have selected, and been forced to take an inferior teacher.

I expect Mr. M——'s work will prove your judgment of him correct. His estimate of himself makes him strong where I am weak, and that is what I want.

Yours cordially,

E. H. WILSON.

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